Literary insert page 3

Rancho Santiago College

el Don

Softball and Track page 8

Volume 62 No. 28 Rancho Santiago College 17th at Bristol Santa Ana, California 92706 714-541-6064 May 15, 1987



IT'S NOT OVER UNTIL IT'S OVER- Only finals stand between RSC students and the summer. Finals begin on Monday and continue through next Saturday. See finals schedule below to find out times of classes. **Dave Ross/*el Don***

RSC reaches toward fifty percent law with golden handshake

College offers early retirement to teachers, administrators

by Paula Martin
el Don

The spring semester is drawing to a close, and the Academic Senate has seen another of its objectives come to fruition: the reduction of middle management.

This reduction is being resolved through, among several implements, a buy out called the "golden handshake." Through the golden handshake, employees who qualify will receive 50 percent of their current base annual salary for one year as an incentive to retire early or resign.

The college is also offering deans and departments heads a $15,000 bonus to accept reassignment back to classroom teaching.

"A similar offer may be proposed for faculty, and that's out of fairness," said Lee Mallory, Academic Senate president.

But, it seems that more than just middle management is to be the beneficiary of the current reductions being planned for RSC.

"Administration gave assurances that they would formulate a plan that would have no effect, or minimal effect, on personnel," Mallory said. "They said there would be no RIFS (reduction in force). Now, however, we are concerned about reductions among the wrong elements of staff."

See Incentive page 2

OC's deaf: Sign out of time

by Kay Loudermilk
el Don

It is an embarrassment to be born in Orange County within the deaf community because of the limited See sign (signing exact English) they are taught.

"Orange County is one of the few places left using See sign and are very stubborn about change," says James Gerding a hearing impaired student at RSC.

Gerding appeared before Dan Goldmann's genetics class last week. Through his interpreter Patti Kohn, Gerding openly shared with the class his upbringing and feelings of frustration during that time.

See Gerding page 2

Final Examination Schedule

Spring Semester 1987

Time	Mon., May 18	Tues., May 19	Wed., May 20	Thurs., May 21	Fri., May 22	Sat., May 23
8 am to 10 am	Classes meeting 8:00 or 8:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW, WF, W, F	Classes meeting 8:00 or 8:30 TTh, T, Th Classes meeting 7:00 or 7:30 T, TTh, Th	Classes meeting 7:00 to 7:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW WF, W	Classes meeting 9:00 or 9:30 TTh, T, Th	Classes meeting 9:00 or 9:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW, WF, W, F	Classes meeting 8:00 or 8:30 9:00 or 9:30 Sat.
10:30 am to 12:30 pm	Classes meeting 11:00 or 11:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW, WF, W, F	Classes meeting 11:00 or 11:30 TTh, T, Th ARRANGED	Classes meeting 10:00 or 10:30 Daily, any four days MWF, MW, WF, W, F	Classes meeting 10:00 or 10:30 TTh, T, Th TTh, T, Th	Classes meeting 12:00 or 12:30 Daily, any four days MWF, MW, WF, W, F	Classes meeting 10:00 or 10:30 11:00 or 11:30 Sat.
1 pm to 3 pm	Classes meeting 1:00 or 1:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW WF,W, F	Classes meeting 1:00 or 1:30 T, TTh, Th	AVAILABLE FOR SPECIAL EXAMINATION	Classes meeting 12:00 or 12:30 TTh, T, Th	Classes meeting 2:00 or 2:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW WF, W, F	
3 pm to 5 pm	Classes meeting 3:00 or 3:30 M, MW, MWF	Classes meeting 2:00 or 2:30 TTh, T, Th	Classes meeting 3:00 or 3:30 Daily, any four days WF, W, F	Classes meeting 3:00 or 4:30 TTh, T, Th	Classes meeting 4:00 or 4:30 Daily, any four days, MWF, MW WF, W, F	
5 pm to 7 pm	Classes meeting 5:00 M, MW 5:30 M, MW	Classes meeting 5:00 T, 5:30 T	Classes meeting 5:00 W 5:30 W	Classes meeting 5:00 or 5:30 Th, TTh		
8 pm to 10 pm	Classes commencing 6:00 or later will have their final exam scheduled the first meeting during the exam period.					

Rancho Santiago College Santa Ana Campus Library

Campus Update

PUZZLED ABOUT CAREER PLANNING? Come learn the proper skills in workshops on resume writing, personal job and skill analysis including analysis of the work environment. The 1/2 unit, $2.50 workshop requires reservations and will be held on May 19 and 21 at the County of Orange Administration Building at 10 Civic Center Plaza, Santa Ana, room 216, 8 a.m. to 11:50 a.m.

WRITING EFFECTIVE REPORTS- Writing clear, concise reports, as well as doing graphs and illustrations, will be covered. This one unit class requires a $5 fee and will be held at the UCI Medical Center, 101 The City Drive in Orange, May 19, 21, 26 and 28 from 1 p.m. to 4:50 p.m. **LET'S GET LET'S GET INTERPERSONAL IN THE OFFICE**- learn about office politics along with individual and group dynamics. This 1/2 unit workshop requires a $2.50 fee and prior phone reservations are necessary. Sessions will be held May 21 and 22 at the Canyon Hills Library, 400 Scout Trail in Anaheim Hills, from 1 p.m. to 4:50 p.m.

UPDATING OFFICES FOR THE '80S- Update basic office skills for the '80s and learn how to use expanding technology to you benefit. This 1/2 unit workshop requires a $2.50 fee. Phone reservations necessary.

TAKING A BREAK- el Don is stopping publication for the summer. No issues will be put out during RSC's summer sessions. Publications will resume during the fall semester.

Mark your calendar

By Paula Martin
el Don

Events present themselves to the student on a continual basis for prioritizing. Here are a few you may wish to put on your calendar.

Finals week is next week, May 18-23. Classes do not necessarily meet at their normal time. Check the handy schedule on this page to find the correct times.

For those who must keep their nose to the grind stone, fast on the heels of this vanishing semester is the summer schedule. Classes extend from June 15 through August 7, 1987.

Two weeks rest for the weary and the fall semester begins on Aug. 24, 1987. Have a sizzling summer, be it as it may, and we'll see you this coming fall rested and refreshed.

Gerding: Struggle is worth it

from page 1

School was not pleasant for Gerding. He started at seven years of age, and signing was not used. His parents were instructed to only speak verbally. This began a frustrating time for him.

Gerding eventually learned signing from students on a school bus where he spent a lot of time. The bus picked him up at 5:30 a.m. and brought him home at 5 p.m. Only deaf students rode the bus, and it covered a large scattered route.

His educational experience was typical of most deaf students at that time. It was very limited and he graduated from high school reading at the second grade level.

Gerding is very thankful for the education he is receiving at RSC. He came in with no science background or science vocabulary to help him. Gerding enrolled in biology and failed because of this. He enrolled again and passed with a B. Goldmann says "he earned all of it."

The study of biology and genetics has been enlightening for Gerding. He understands about his hearing impairment because his mother contracted German measles during pregnancy. She also died of Huntington's Chorea. None of this was known to him while growing up. Now he realizes there is a 50 percent chance that he has Huntington's Chorea.

> "(Sign language) is important for children to learn."

Most people do not realize that English is a second language to the hearing impaired.

If a child is born deaf, the brain shifts and becomes strong on the right side, which is picture oriented.

But, according to Gerding, the See sign uses the underdeveloped left verbal side of the brain, and this leaves the child confused. He stays confused if not helped.

The students in the class were invited to ask questions and were especially interested in the different types of signing. Gerding feels that ASL (American Sign Language) style is best. It is a conceptual real language and enables more to be explained. While the See sign tries to use English and is not a sign language, it is confusing and limiting.

"ASL is important for children to learn to eventually get good jobs," said Cheryl Blust, a student who has been deaf for five years. "It is ridiculous to teach them to speak. I did a research paper and could find no evidence to show value of speaking for the deaf."

Gerding met his interpreter Kohn in a sign class. She had a special interest in Gerding and they became friends. Kohn has continued as his translator because of their friendship.

Gerding's goal is to transfer to a four year college. Education has opened his world considerably. Today, he is more tolerant with the hearing world and, he now realizes they are individuals as well.

Incentive

from page 1

The advent of "the golden handshake points to a positive result of this year's senate work, that of raising fiscal consciousness," Mallory said. "This handshake is a response to a concern the senate has been raising for almost nine months...concerning over management."

The 50 percent law requires that there be one full time teaching position for every one full time non-teaching position. As of the 1985-86 school year, RSC had approximately 12 non-teaching positions for every 10 teaching positions.

Because of this, the Academic Senate asked in December for the hiring freeze among the administration.

"In late summer '86 the senate began to take a firm stand on a number of issues, and I think administration was surprised at the firmness of our intentions," Mallory said.

"Even though this activism is standard practice among other senates, management hadn't seen it here in recent memory," Mallory said. "This was perhaps a confrontational senate but only in the sense that we confronted the issues squarely and honestly. I had some sleepless nights, but I always felt we were on track with the issues."

In addition to the reduction of middle management, this senate has reached several other important goals this semester. *The Faculty News and Views* list these accomplishments for this senate:

- A strong defense of academic freedom
- Preservation of a powerful faculty newsletter
- An expanded role in curriculum process
- A reformed curriculum council
- An increased consciousness of fiscal matters
- Title V preplanning
- A reformed committee structure
- Strengthened hiring guidelines
- An improved graduation
- Collegial consultation between all groups

"This senate has served the college well," Mallory said. "A strong executive committee has raised the faculty profile significantly. Indeed, faculty can't afford weakness from groups that purport to represent them.

"When faculty are stronger, as they are now, that often means a better classroom experience for students. And after all students and faculty are at the heart of the college."



TRAIN FOR THE CAREER WITH A FUTURE — COMPUTERS.

When you have computer skills, you have opportunity. Train with us and you'll receive individual attention and hands-on help from instructors who care. You'll learn on IBM and IBM-compatible equipment. Call today!

Courses:
- Computer Programming
- Computer Operations
- Computer Accounting
- Word Processing
- Medical Office Automation

Advantages:
- Day or evening classes
- National job placement assistance
- Financial aid available
- Courses approved for Veteran's Benefits

Computer Learning Center ®

Accredited by the National Association of Trade and Technical Schools

(714) 956-8060

1240 S. State College Blvd.
Anaheim, California
92640

CALL THE COMPUTER CAREER HOTLINE 956-8068 FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE MANY CAREERS OPEN TO YOU AS A SKILLED COMPUTER PROFESSIONAL

Green Procession

BY JOHN TYLER

Sharpeville Massacre -ghost-realized
Government Gorillas come to play Knives with the masses
40,000 blacks mask funeral processions
March towards white suburb on main highway Uitenhage

19 rotting green government corpses of police control
Open fire on sleeping procession without warning
Pistol-Rifle-Shotgun-point blank range
Women scream, children bleed-19 dead-36 wounded

Louis Le Grange minister for law and order offers
condolence to families of dead in "most unfortunate" incident
Reagan says agitators who refuse peace are to blame,
They, "Want trouble in streets and that's what's going on"
Go back to sleep Reagan or as Peter Tosh sang,
"We dont want peace, we want equal rights"

Five-minut orgy of government violence
Particularly sighted for death were those
Communist elements rushing to the aid of wounded
Or to realize the dead
Shultz says there must be change
So constructive engagement scientists export
shock batons, radios, and riot control instructions
to rotting green government corpses who through their
intense loyalty to human life shoot down inferior life
in cold blood before a tense, quiet evening
Hyaenas who claim to serve the interest of unborn fetus'
and pregnant mothers spit mechanical blood at unknown black corpses

Johannesburg Miner's strike- 40,000 blacks choose life
Over government death-Friday they will be dismissed-Friday
How many to breathe gas in a black tunnel instead
of political revolt- black clouds cover the entire country
Youths throw stones at cars, burn trucks and tires
Americans and Israelites pierce the clouds with binoculars
The war is going well, The evil eye can tell.

TROUBADOUR



Troubadour is a literary insert of el Don, written entirely with material submitted by RSC students. A special thanks goes to Thuy Tran for his efforts in making this supplement possible.



Dreams

by Siobhan Wilson

Where do we go from here?
My head is empty again.
I want so much for tomorrow,
The future is always uncertain.
It frightens me to dream alive,
But I'm afraid to sleep through life.

Will you be there in the morning?
Will I love you when I awake?
It's so easy to promice in the dark.
The games played at night are fatal,
I can love you, feel you, hold you, kiss you,
But Will you believe me, do I want you to?

So what does it all mean to us?
Am I running in endless circles of words?
My emotions continue accosting my mind.
I can't stop your soul from bleeding Can you stop mine?
Why do my questions always go unanswered?

I think it's because I already know.
There is no more mystery left for me.
I'm blowing in the hurricane,
No one can satisfy me,
I won't let them try.
I'll sleep and dream instead.

Elusive Rimbaud

by John Putman

Deep inside
Torn to die
I can't let it out!

I arrived
With torn clothes, torn shoes
I just barely got out
Without my torn shirt!

Dragged below
By demons on top of me
They always come at me at night!

Deep beneath the dancing sky
I yearn for all those things
So far elusive!

I only wanted to be on top
Of myself, alone
With all those around me!

I am a boy who cries
As his manhood dies
Forever and ever
Such a stale, stale taste!

A walk through the dark city
Can really bring a boy down
Everything I have ever counted on
Never was worth it!

Rancho Santiago College
Santa Ana Campus Library

Night Fall

by Kato Kyttin

By the lake it was
Always peaceful and tranquil.
The only sound that could
Be heard was the whisper
Of wind passing through
A hundred leaves.

By the lake stood 7 trees.
The only feeling that
Could be understood
Was calmness.

By the lake a deer
Quietly stepped up for
A drink.
The only smell was
Of acres of untamed
Green grass.

By the lake the weeds
Were wild and plentiful
The only sight was the
Pink and orange sky as
The sun slowly went to
Rest.

By the lake a leaf
Dropped quietly to
The water's surface,
And another day ended.

by Vince Lara

When dinner is done you pack it away,
leftovers for another day.
Months go by you look and see,
your veal parmesan has just turned green.
Is it brown or is it red?
Is something going on inside your head?
Leftovers from ten years ago,
have developed mouths and toes.
They take our mind, they take your soul,
you open your fridge a big black hole.
In you go you spin and spin,
some Tupperware passes by with an evil grin.
A bowl of Fruity Pebbles goes right on through,
your refigerator caters to a breakfast zoo.
The only way to control all of this stuff
is a giant baking soda powder puff.
It's all over, you're thrown through the door,
all that's left is some fries on the floor.
They slowly and gracefully die.
No leftovers is such a sin,
you better start to put some more food in.

On the Sixth Year Past Sartre's Death

by John Tyler

Tied to these days
Pulled underneath the strain
I shiver;

Cannot go back
To lesser days
When things were simple
Though still no less complicated;

Now society
Created by man
To clothe his nakedness
To repress us all
Hurtles forward
Out of bounds
Till the earth shall cover
Each and all;

We are prey
To this beast
Surrounded in dirt
We'll realize;

That all was wrong
Plans that were drawn
To shield our bosom
To drive our heart
Into the center
Of all despair
As if our hearts
We're never there;

Surrounded by waste
Peripheral garbage
To blind our eyes
To kill our sight;

Man now exists
In two different realms
Either beneath the wheel
Or pulling the chains
Which grind the weak
Off their feet
Into the chasm
Resembling hell;

And the man atop
Who built the wheel
Fashioned the machine
To crush the weak;
So the few move forward
So that most would crash
In dense regression
So they couldn't read
Nor understand;
Though those atop
Are blinded too
For in their conquest
Their souls conquered too;

Now my love
Goes out to her
For there is nothing else
To believe in;

We all escape
In this way
To ride the circle
The edge of life;
To fuel high art
And decadence
And human religion
Benign concepts;
All I want
Is to be left alone
To die, or cry
Or live my life;
But we are not free nor innocent
For on everyone's hands
Lies the blood of man

Mason Park; Sunday Morning

by Anastasia

The mist of the early morning
Is reflected by the sun.
I find myself walking through
The silent surrounding park.
The moist air caresses my cheek
And kisses my neck and ears.
I listen to a bird call out
It's far off mate echos and replies.
I feel myself calling out,
But no one hears my voice.
And then I feel his breath,
It's warm on my shoulders.
I can never turn to face him,
But I know he's always there.

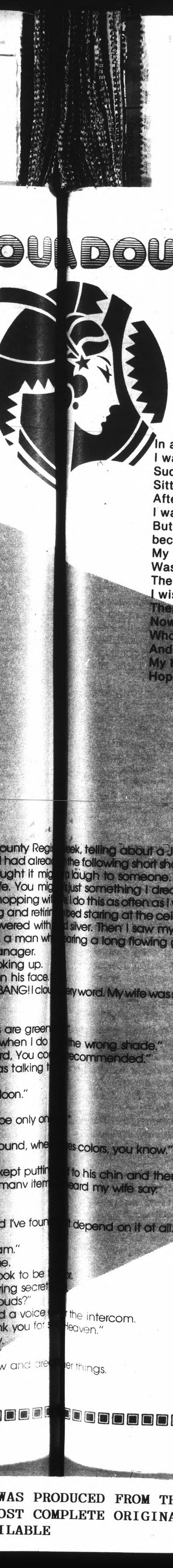
Dream Shopping

by Marvin Tyacke

When I read an article in the Orange County Regi
God had a wife, I wasn't at all surprised. I had alrea
of its kind to await the time when I thought it mig
I have no evidence that God has a wife. You mig
It all began one evening when I went shopping wi
When, after returning home that evening and retirin
department store. The walls were all covered with
She was walking through the store with a man wh
platinum. I took him to be the store manager.
I had a good view from where I lay, looking up.
He seemed to have a disgusted look on his face.
I wish I could hear what they are saying. BANG!! I clo
"Yes madam," the man said.
"They're all green," she said.
"Yes, I think you will find that most trees are green
"It seems I can never find my size and when I do
Then she went on to say, "You know Lord, You co
When she said that, I knew who she was talking t
"I'm happy to hear that," He said.
"I would like to talk to you about the Moon."
"The Moon? How can I help you?"
"It changes colors and there seems to be only on
"Yes, I know, I made it myself."
"It makes it very difficult to decorate around, whe
"I hadn't thought of that," He said.
I could see he was getting fidgety. He kept puttin
As they continued to walk among the many item
"I could really use a sun for my patio."
"We have only the one, madam."
"Oh! That one, no, it's much too hot and I've foun
mountains and hills."
"You'll find them on the top floor, madam."
He was thoroughly disgusted by this time.
The next moment I saw her on what I took to be
She put her hand to her cheek, whispering secret
"My, did you see the prices on those clouds?"
Just then I heard a BING-BING-BING and a voice
"The store will close in five minutes. Thank you for s
As the scene faded I heard my wife say,
"I'd like to go to K mart tomorrow dear."
Slowly I covered my head with my pillow and are

eek, telling
the follow
a laugh to
just some
I do this a
bed starin
silver. The
aring a lo
ery word. N
the wrong
ecomme
es colors,
to his ch
eard my
depend
er things.

THIS FILM WAS PRODUCED
BEST AND MOST COMPLETE
ISSUES AVAILABLE



by Thuy Tran

In a summer camping trip that is far from home.
I was sitting alone and had nothing to keep me from active.
Suddenly, she came. I have met her since then.
Sitting by each other's side, calling each other's name,
Afterward we were far apart.
I wanted to tell her all the heart of a person who truly loved her.
But I was just sitting quietly,
because I afraided that this time would be breaking apart.
My dear! This time we spent with each other
Was it long enough?
Then why I stopped seeing you, I felt so hurt.
I wish that we never met each other.
Then I never have this feeling, so hurt.
Now, I'm stand here like a status:
Who am I waiting for?
And who am I looking for?
My heart is crying softly.
Hopefully, I'll see her one more time.

eek, telling about a Jewish Rabbi who said he had proof that
the following short short story and had filed it away with others
a laugh to someone. (Hopefully everyone.)
just something I dreamt up.
I do this as often as I wash my car or watch a TV commercial.
bed staring at the ceiling. Suddenly I saw the interior of a huge
d silver. Then I saw my wife.
aring a long flowing gown and his hair was like unto radiant

ery word. My wife was saying, "Is that the only color you have?".

he wrong shade."
ecommended."

es colors, you know."

to his chin and then behind his back. I know the feeling.
eard my wife say:

depend on it at all. No, I think I would like to look at some

the intercom.
Heaven."

er things.

The Release For Equality

by Stacey Fay

The night covers me like a fog
It caresses my mind like a lover
I feel so blank and dry
Confusion is my closest friend
How can I go on loving these evil people
They treat me so cruelly, abuse me
They take advantage of my misunderstanding
And expect me to be their friend
I want to yell-"I don't love you" and
"Leave me alone" but what comes out is different
It seems so depressing to be alive, it hurts
I want to fly, to run, to sing, to dance
I want to love and be loved
I hate it here, California sucks
New York would be a haven unto me.
I want to run and leave them behind
I don't want to come back to this place
But it holds me trapped, a prisoner
Just like these lead weights that are my "friends"
I just want to be alone with music
I want to be held, and kissed and loved
I want to be high, to laugh, to indulge
Why do I have to ask for this feeling?
Why can't my "friends" love me better?
Why are they kinder to others?
I give so little, but I would give more
I just haven't got it, yet.
With death, all things are possible,
I can give them my possessions,
But I wont give them my soul.

by Thuy Tran

The stream is flowing, day after day.
But the stone . . . it still be original like it used to be.
Even though, the stone is worn by the water flowing.
But loving her, forever, I'm still loving her.
Even the moon, now it is just a half-moon,
But in someday it will be full.
The flower, it is fresh blooming,
But in one day it will be a withered flower.
Now, even she just ignore me.
But I still and always waiting.
The first love why do you the last love, my dear?
But I still pray that we will be
With each other in one day.

I loved her,
And I cannot change that.
But looking at the stream,
I start thinking of her, when we were far apart.
She whispered by my ear:
"Bye, tomorrow we will see each other again!"
Tomorrow, we shouldn't have predicted tomorrow,
We won't know what will be tomorrow.
We haven't predicted that in someday we will be far apart.
But now, I must fold the book and keeping it as a memory.
My beautiful memory

Rancho Santiago College
Santa Ana Campus Library

WAS PRODUCED FROM THE
OST COMPLETE ORIGINAL
ILABLE

Homecoming

by Lowell A. Bennink

He walked slowly across the campus, his boots clicking on the blacktop. The sound bounced off the walls of the empty campus in the cool early morning. He pulled his leather flight jacket with the name "K. Winters" stenciled above the pocket tighter around him and smiled. Lord—he thought, I can't believe I'm actually back.

A light breeze rippled through his thinning hair. A small flier twister along the ground and caught on his boot. He bent over and picked it off. "Westhill High School is proud to announce the 1986 Homecoming Dance, November 8 at 7 p.m. Dinner will be served and a live band will provide the entertainment. The football game is Friday, here, vs. Canton High at 7:30 p.m."

A smile broke over his face. Homecoming was this week? Lord, that was hard to take. How long had it been? Twenty? Had it been twenty years?? He ran a hand through his hair and grinned foolishly.

He could remember his date, blonde and exquisite. She moved like the breeze, smiled like the stars, and smelled like flowers in bloom. He let out a small laugh. They had thought they were in love. Perhaps they had been. But it had been a long time ago, and time definitely moved on.

And the football game. He remembered those cold evenings, suiting up and feeling incredibly immortal. Deep down even he knew it was nothing than a cheap lie. Ah, but it had been wonderful lie, hadn't it? Watching the quarterback take the snap, with him charging like hell to flatten whoever had the ball. Instant high. There had been nothing better.

Except maybe the blonde.

He walked across the grass, damp with dew. Memories waited for him now, waiting around every corner like friends who just had to come up and give him a warm hello. Everything held a memory. Some he could see as if they were only yesterday, and some just held either a pleasant or discomforting feeling for him. His stay at Westhill had never been overly pleasant, but most of his remembrances were comforting.

A few students migrated onto campus, giving him peculiar looks. Yeah, he had to admit he didn't quite fit in here. He checked his watch. He didn't have very much time to do what he was going to.

He walked down a breeze way, both sides lined with lockers. Now everything was falling into a bizzare double vision. His mind conjured up his memories as a teenager, books in hand and enough worry to fill up the gym. Homework, reports, tests, dates, football plays, mean teachers, cool teachers, friends, always ignoring the subtitties of what was going on around him. Damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead, he had always thought, just get out of this hell hole and into college wo he could actually learn something.

But now he was an adult, with adult experiences and adult eyes that couldn't quite understand the emotions he had felt here as a teenager. It scared him, making him feel like something of his had been lost and he hadn't even realized it until now. He shuddered. The nuances of the hall were his to see and understand. It wasn't just a place to eat lunch when it rained. It wasn't meant for them to stand around open lockers, trying to be so cool. It was there for the school's reasons, practicality mostly, not for some mystic reason he had never bothered to try to understand. The reasons were never beyond him, but they never seemed worthy of analyzing. The elwave-shaded light held no secrets from him now. He sighed and shook his head.

But he could still trace his way down the hall, his old auto-pilot activated after a long dormant period. Names floated through his mind as he walked slowly. Jeff Roberts, Kym Tyson (had that been the blonde's name? he wasn't sure), Tom Kolowski, Mick Young, Steve Goldman, Kenny Jefferson. Dozens seemed to float through his consciousness. Some meant nothing. Others conjured up feelings or foggy pictures, like fading snapshots in an album. But one flashed into his mind bright and clear, like it was only hours ago they had talked and laughed.

He and Jeff Roberts had been old friends already in high school. They lived on the same street. Went to the same schools. Everything came flooding back, twice as fast as before, overriding everything else in his mind. Lord, had there been anyone else who had been a better friend? Had anyone ever come close?

They had played on the same baseball team. Listened to the same records. Snuck into the same concerts. Stuck up for each other in fights. However corny it sounded, it was true. They were like brothers.

Jeff was a wide receiver for Westhill, and somehow wrangled a scholarship to a college on the other side of the country. After graduation, they had simply drifted apart.

He felt sorry now. Sorry he had ever let their friendship get away from him. He bounced from friend to friend after that, but no one was like Jeff. He felt tears well up behind his eyes. Knock it off, he told himself, just knock it off. There was no use mourning for something two decades dead. But it didn't help

He took a deep breath and stepped up to a locker. Yeah, he thought, this has to be the one. Inside his jacket were the tools to pick the lock, if he had to. But he knew he must be quick. No one would ignore a middle-aged man picking the lock on a high school locker. But the tools were uneeded.

Again he felt the strange doubling effect on his visions. His mind was working overtime. Amidst the garabage it had regurgitated he found the locker's combonation. He smiled stupidly at the locker and put his hand up to the locker. It was no longer the hand of a teenager. There was no class ring. There was no sweatband. There was no tape on his hand to help jammed fingers heal. But the fingers were just as nimble.

I may be older, he thought, but I'm not old. The dial spun easily. To one number, to another, to a third. The lever below the dial lifted easily.

More memories awaited inside the locker, but he let himself flow with these.

A school picture was taped to the inside of the door. The blonde (yes, he though suddenly, that's Kym Tyson) smiled up at him from it. His heart fluttered a little, but only a little. The feelings weren't the same anymore.

The locker smelled of books, lunches from days gone by, and things he couldn't identify anymore. He started pushing things around, looking at the contents. English book, government, math, binders, old homework papers, pencils, pens. He could sit here for hours and...

He shook his head quickly. No, there was no time for that. Luck was with him so far. More students were in the hallway. Most of them were giving him strange looks, but none dared to step forward. Yet. But they would soon enough. They knew who the locker belonged to. But they also had a peculiar feeling about him and they way he reminded them of someone. He wasn't afraid of a confrontation, but didn't desire one. It was time to do what he had to and get out of there.

He pulled one of the notebooks out and tore a peice of paper out. He picked up a ballpoint pen and wrote, neatly but quickly, what he had wanted to. Nostalgia had never gripped him the way it had now. His attitude had always been to let what had happened rest. There was always plenty to think about in the present without letting the past occupy his time. You can't change the past, he always told people.

But one can't always depend on everything happening the same. Time change, he thought as he capped the pen and propped the paper up, and people do, too.

He closed the locker and looked down the hallway. Two figures were walking across the grass in front of the school, heading toward the hallway. They were talking loudly, joking around with each other. He smiled and started off toward the other end of the hallway. By the time the two people reached the hallway, it was as if he had never been there.

As the two came closer, it was easier to recognize them as teenagers. Perhaps they only would be for a few years more, but right now they carrier the air about them of teens. The taller one was built solid and looked tough. No one at school messed with him, and he liked it that way. Frankly, he didn't care what anyone thought of him, he just wanted to get out of high school and into college. And if by acting tough once in a while he could get everyone to leave him alone, so be it. He wanted everyone to leave him alone.

Everyone except Kym.

The second boy was a little shorter. Everyone told him he was too skinny, but he didn't care. It made him a quicker athlete, and that was good. He didn't need to be slow when he caught the football. The only thing he might want a few more inches for is to play basketball better.

"Come on, Jeff," the taller one said, "you actually thought the stupid English homework was easy?"

"What can I say?" Jeff asked with a sly grin. "Just becasue you're a big oaf with more muscle than brains, Kenny my man, doesn't mean everyone else as to stoop to your level."

Kenny faked a punch, which Jeff blocked with his Bruce Lee imitation moves. He "hee-yah"-ed all the way down the hall. When they got to their lockers they were laughing so hard they could barely breathe. Jeff knelt at his bottom locker, two rows away from Kenny's.

As he began to load his books into his locker, Jeff heard Kenny take a quick breath. He looked up in time to see Kenny start backing up slowly. Kenny's face was white, his shocked eyes staring at a peice of notebook paper he held. Finally he dropped it and watched it flutter to the ground next to Jeff. Kenny shook his head, his mouth moving but no sounds coming out, and clanged into the bank of lockers behind him.

His eyes tore themselves away from the paper and looked at Jeff. The look of sheer panic and terror that shone there frightened Jeff. His eyes seemed unfocused and something to Jeff. He lifted his hand, finally, and pointed at the note.

Jeff picked up the note and read it. The message scared him. But it was the handwriting that lifted his fear beyond feelings. He had watched Kenny write many things. Letters, homework papers, notes. He could identify his writing quickly. The writing on the note was uncanny. It looked just like Jeff's, but slightly different. Slightly older. More perfected. But it sill held the strange idiosyncracies of Kenny's.

The two friends looked at each other, feeling something pass by them both. The message on the note confirmed that. At first it frightened them, but after a few moments they felt something else fall in place. Jeff looked down at the note again.

The message could have been an off the wall joke by one of their friends. The writing alone might have been coincidence. But together they held an unreal possibility.

Jeff looked back up at Kenny. "It's real, isn't it?" Kenny nodded and walked over toward his friend. Gently, he took the note back and read it. This time he felt no fear, only possibilities being opened up.

Kenny Winters:

Consider me a close friend, if you will, one who knows all about what you're going through in your life. I wish someone had told me this when I was growing up, but they never did. But I'll make sure you know.

Everything is not as worthless as it seems, Kenny. It may not turn up smelling like roses, but the thorns are only painful not deadly.

Do your best. Struggle, grapple, or just plain muddle through. But don't quit. Ever. Your pot of gold is waiting for you. All you have to do is reach for it.

Keep Jeff by your side. He's a good friend. Don't lose him like I did.

Your friend,
Maj. Kenneth Alan Winters

Editor-in-Chief: Lowell Bennink
Managing Editor: Lane Bowen
Newswriter Editor: Joan Medina
Sports Editor: John Overall
News Editor: Paula Martin
Entertainment Editor: Siobhan Wilson
Faculty Advisor: Charles Little

Viewpoint

Pressing people in the public's eye



Gary Hart has recently been in the news for his extracurricular activities. These activities were not supposed to end up in the news, but *The Miami Herald* got hold of the information and made it public.

The question that arises is: Does the media have the right to print everything it knows?

el Don feels that what *the Herald* did was correct. The reason they are called public figures is because they are in the public's eye. People should watch their step if they want to keep something hidden from the media.

The public has a right to know everything about public figures, be it good or bad. Too much emphasis is put on the bad things, though. But most people would rather hear about someone's dirty laundry than any types of heroics.

Politicians shape the world that we live in. Their behavior directly effects the course of world history. If someone cannot be faithful to their spouse, how can we be sure they will be faithful to this country?

Public figures are role models. If they do not abide by society's morales, the public should know it.

el Don

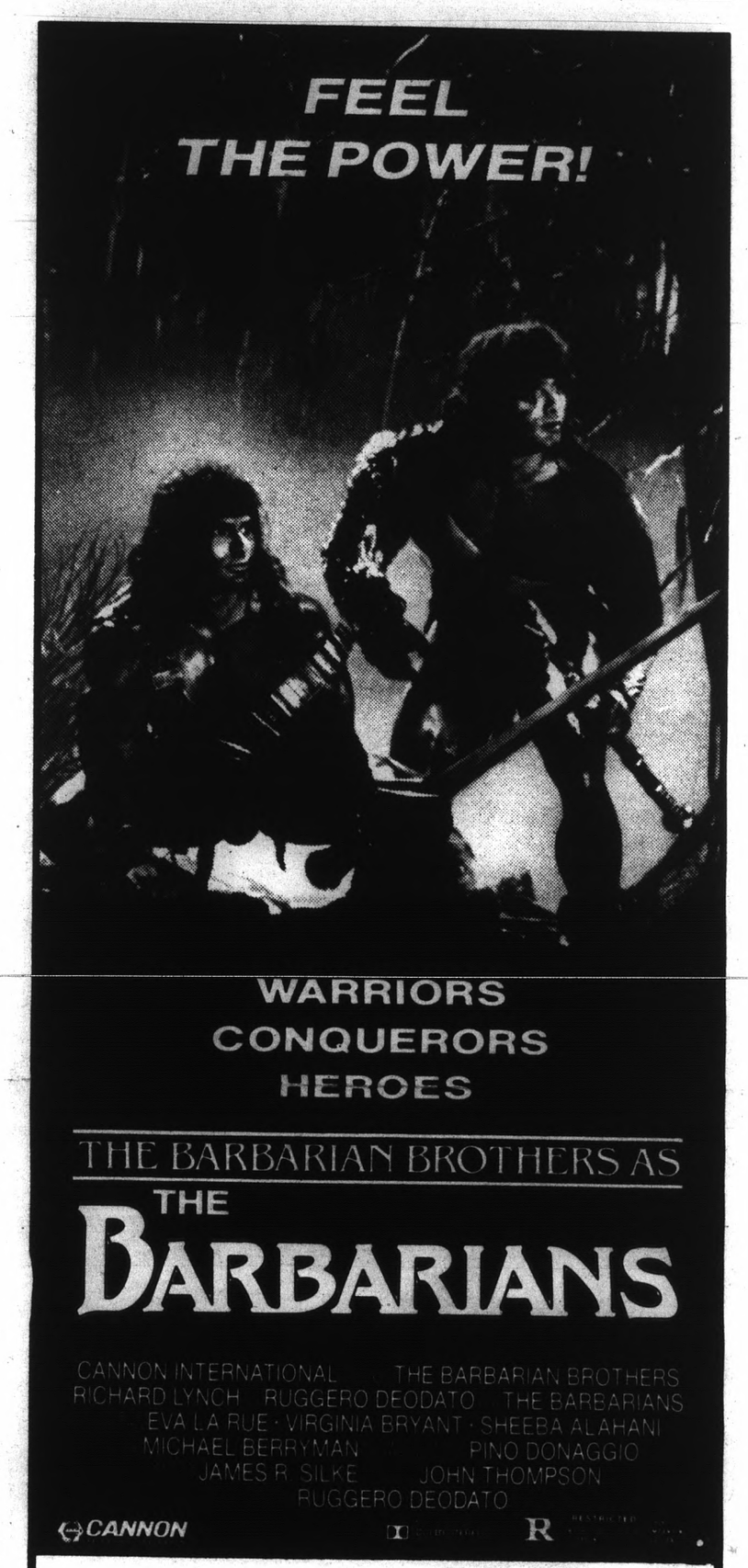
PART-TIME/SUMMER EMPLOYMENT
OUR PAST IS IN YOUR FUTURE

Knott's Berry Farm is looking for people who have a way with dinosaurs. This spring we'll be opening "Kingdom of the Dinosaurs," a brand new ride featuring 23 prehistoric animals.

We've also got over 160 other rides and attractions, restaurants and stores, where we need help.

If you're looking for part time and summer employment apply in person at the Employment Office, Monday through Friday, 1:30 to 4:30 PM. For further information, call: (714) 220-5174.

Knott's BERRY FARM
8039 Beach Blvd., Buena Park, CA 90620
An Equal Opportunity Employer
The Excitement is Growing!



Opens Friday, May 15th, at a theatre near you.

SOMEONE YOU KNOW HAS LUPUS



LUPUS FOUNDATION OF AMERICA, INC.
Providing Information, Hope and Support to Lupus Patients.
For more information, write the
LUPUS FOUNDATION OF AMERICA, INC.
1717 Massachusetts Avenue, NW
Suite 203
Washington, D.C. 20036

Rancho Santiago College
Santa Ana Campus Library

Coining a new softball champion

by Matt Payne
el Don

After three straight losses, RSC's softball team needed a change of luck.

That change came in the form of a coin that flipped in favor of RSC. With a 3-1 victory over Citrus last Friday, the Dons will be going into the state tournament in Palomar this weekend as the number one seed from the Orange Empire Conference.

The Dons got the nod by winning the coin flip and the tie over the Saddleback Gauchos. RSC and Saddleback both finished the season with identical 16-4 league records.

"All we have to do is to beat Citrus for us to go to the state tournament," said pitcher Joyce Lyman.

The Dons needed some key hits for the victory and they were supplied primarily by Sandy Martinez.

Terina Franklin led off the bottom of the second inning with a walk and Lisa Pedersen laid down a bunt single. Sandy Ortiz followed Pedersen's lead and put down a bunt single of her own to load the bases for Tina Engel.

Engel hit a sharp ground ball which was turned into a force at home. Tami Rogers then struck out setting the stage for Sandy's game winner.

Sandy hit a comebacker to the pitcher, who hesitated on where to throw the ball. When she did finally decide to throw to first base, it was too late. No one was covering the bag and two runs scored.

RSC added another run in the third and held on for the victory.

Coach Jim Reach feels somewhat optimistic about the upcoming tournament.

"This is the most wide open field we have ever had," Reach said. "Anyone is capable of beating anyone."

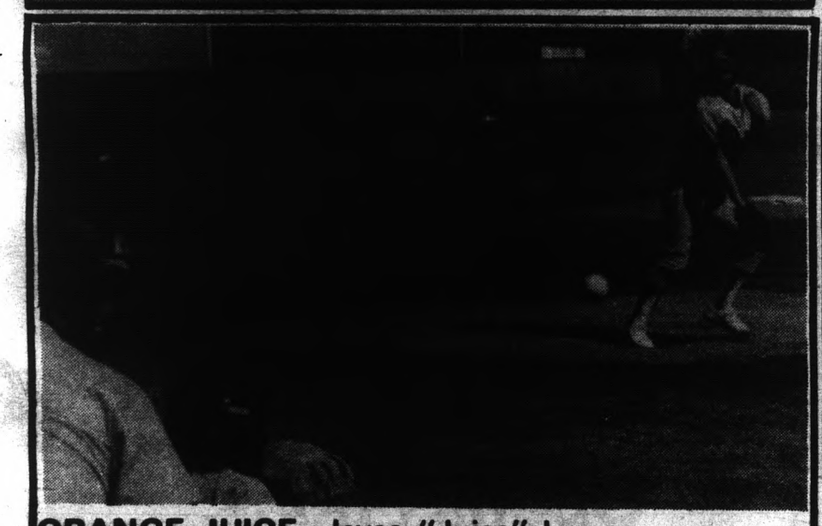
The Dons will have a tough time in the tournament this year.

With two straight state championships, the field will be gearing up for the Dons.

"It was different two years ago when we were the unexpected underdogs," Reach said, "everybody was rooting for us.

"Last year was harder because we were the defending champs and the entire field was out to get us."

If the Dons had a tough time that much more difficult in 1987.



ORANGE JUICE- Joyce "Juice" Lyman squeezes another strike out against Orange Coast College.

Track team sends trio to state meet

Brian Fisher, Joe Nevarez, Ramon Lopez represent RSC.

by Denise Salazar
el Don

The trio of Brian Fisher, Joe Nevarez and Ramon Lopez will be representing RSC's mens track team in the California State Community College Track and Field Championships in Sacramento this weekend.

According to coach Al Siddons, the outcome of the meet looks positive.

"I expect them all to win," said Siddons. "They're good runners and jumpers. They've worked hard and they deserve it."

Last weekend the team competed in the Southern California Championships in Bakersfield with Fisher, Nevarez and Lopez placing in the top six among California Community Colleges.

During the finals, Fisher, a pole vaulter, cleared a new school record of 16'0". The jump gave Fisher a second place finish and qualified him for the state meet.

Lopez took fourth in the 1500 meters with a time of 3:56.2 and Joe Nevarez finished sixth in the 3000 meter Steeplechase with a time of 9:49.0.

Other highlights of the meet included another sixth captured by the Dons in the 1600 relay with a time of 3:14.9

The team is currently 7-0 and, according to Siddons, the year has been a good one.

"We've worked real hard in practice this semester and it really paid off," said Siddons.

Although this weekend's meet will be the last of the season, Siddons expects a positive outcome.

"We have a good group of guys who've had positive attitudes all season," Siddons said. "I expect them all to win."

Siddons is expecting another strong team next season.

"We've have a good returning runner, John Hollis, and we've got good high school runners who will be joining us next year," said Siddons.

Classifieds

ABCaDE COMPUTERS OUTPERFORM THE MAC! Orange County's Faster, High-Quality, Best-Priced IBM Compatible Computers and **DESKTOP PUBLISHING SYSTEMS!** Complete Hardware, Software & Peripherals. UNBELIEVABLE? Call (714) 953-0699.

GET 5 COLLEGE UNITS (Marine Science, Health) and a great 16-day camping vacation in Baja, Mexico. Windsurfing, water skiing and fishing included with study excursions in warm Sea of Cortez waters. May 29 to June 14. $425 covers all normal expenses and college registration. Summer session courses at RSC, Fullerton College and Cypress College available following trip. Call Baja Experience (714) 738-8842.

GET PAID FRIDAY!

'Packers'
'Laborers'
'Warehouse'

Work temporarily through Office Specialists and get PAID Friday, even the first week you work! Work references, phone and car required. Must speak English.

Office Specialists.

3100 S. Harbor Blvd., S.A.
At Harbor and MacArthur
546-4646

401 N. Brookhurst, Anaheim
778-6868

Free Pkg. EOE

"$1,000 Scholarship! Where Do I Sign Up?"

Work with major companies in your area during semester breaks, summer or days that you don't have class and become eligible to win a $1,000 scholarship to the college of your choice!
Abigail Abbott's Dollars for Scholars Contest



Come in or call the Abigail Abbott office nearest you for details!

Unmistakably Abigail Abbott

100% free to applicants

1986 WINNERS:
Kathy Flock—UCSB;
Stephanie Silverman—USC

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Los Angeles
Temporary Services:
(213) 477-8058

Cerritos
Temporary Services:
(213) 860-1662

Long Beach
Temporary Services:
(213) 491-5220

ORANGE COUNTY

Brea
Temporary Services:
(714) 671-4200

Newport Beach
Temporary Services:
(714) 756-8000

Tustin
Temporary Services:
(714) 731-5627

Abigail Abbott temporaries, Inc.

©1987, Abigail Abbott

FACULTY MEMBERS: Contact Abigail Abbott for semester break opportunities!

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

COLLEGE CREDIT AVAILABLE

*Work in the San Bernardino Mountains as a **Cabin Leader** or **Unit Leader** with the Residential Outdoor Science School.*

- *Salary plus room and good food.*
- *Live with and supervise 5th/6th grade students Monday-Friday.*
- *Assist certificated staff teaching natural sciences.*
- *Provide leadership for recreational activities.*
- *Must have recent experience working with children and a desire to share your enthusiasm for the outdoors, nature study and hiking.*
- *Employment begins September 21, 1987 and ends June 10, 1988.*
- *First and/or second semester employment also available.*

For further information, please call or write Orange County Department of Education, Personnel Services Office, Room A-1035, P.O. Box 9050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628-9050.

(714) 966-4025 or 966-4026

Affirmation Action Employer M/F